

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER AND EASTERN CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY P. SHELDON.....WILLIAM A. DREW, EDITOR.

VOL. VII.]

GARDINER, ME. FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1827.

[NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—No. 4.]

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable on or before the commencement of each volume, or at the time of subscribing, or two dollars and fifty cents if paid within or at the close of the year; and in all cases where payment is delayed after the expiration of a year, interest will be charged.

Twenty-five cents each, will be allowed to any agent, or other person, procuring new and good subscribers; and 10 per cent will be allowed to agents on all money collected and forwarded to the publisher, free of expense, except that collected of new subscribers, for the first year's subscription.

No subscription will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

No subscription will be received for a less term than six months;—and all subscribers will be considered as continuing their patronage, until a special request be made for a discontinuance.

All communications addressed to the editor or publisher, and forwarded by mail, must be sent free of postage.

All ministers of this denomination, in the United States, of regular standing, are hereby respectfully requested to accept, each, of a general agency for the Christian Intelligencer, to obtain subscribers, and collect and remit subscriptions.

DOCTRINAL.

THE MORAL TENDENCY OF THE CALVINISTIC DOCTRINE OF CONVERSION.

If there be any truth, or any value in the doctrine, it must carry with itself an unimpaired testimony. That is, persons, under the arbitrary operations of the Spirit must have infallible means of knowing the fact, that they may not be deceived by their own imaginations, and be led into a false and dangerous security. An irresistible influence of the Deity is in all respects miraculous, and as such must operate with violence on the established laws of the human constitution, which cannot be mistaken. And yet, what has been the test to which appeals have universally been made? Has it not been certain impressions, emotions, feelings, transports, ecstasies, which are usually the growth of a warm imagination? Has there ever been an instance in which appeals have been made to the understanding? Has any one ever made it appear, that his intellect was enlightened, his judgment improved, or his wisdom increased by the irresistible agency of the divine Spirit? No. How is it then, that the Spirit of God always acts upon that quality of our nature, which, of all others is the most fallible, fluctuating, and deceptive? The very same effects, and to their fullest extent, which are urged as a proof of divine interposition, are frequently produced by natural causes, and exist where there is no renewal of heart, or reformation of character. Is it credible, that the Supreme Being descends into the heart of men with a miraculous agency of his Spirit, without giving them at the same time light and power to judge between his operations and the deceptions of a heated imagination?

You will say, probably, that such persons as are really the objects of this agency, are never without a conviction, which with them amounts to absolute certainty. I am aware this is asserted by many, who are sincere, and have a confidence in the reality of their impressions. But in my mind, no stronger proof can be given of the fallaciousness of the doctrine. In the first place, their convictions come through the feelings and the fancy. And then, these persons are by no means always distinguished for more than ordinary purity of morals, or warmth of piety: so that it has been said, with too much truth, by a writer more distinguished for his genius than his piety, "if we are told a man is religious, we still ask, what are his morals?" And last of all, these persons often have totally opposite opinions respecting some of the most important articles of christian truth, which they all profess with equal confidence to receive from a divine illumination. But the Spirit of God can dictate only truth, and truth is always the same. With what encouragement can we rely on the convictions of those, who, with equal sincerity and confidence, make contradictory assertions? When it shall happen, that all persons, who profess to have immediate aid from above, to free them from sin and enlighten them with truth, shall be found uniformly more zealous in doing the deeds of piety and love, than other christians of humbler pretensions; and when they shall agree in reporting the truths, which they have received from the instructions of the Spirit, so far at least as to avoid contradictions and inconsistencies, they will exhibit better reasons for believing themselves actuated by the irresistible agency of the Spirit of God.

Again, if a change is thus miraculously wrought, how does it happen that in such a great number of instances the effect soon dies away? Look around among those, who have been the subjects of what are commonly called religious revivals, and observe how large a proportion return in a short time to their former condition and habits. The most zealous, confident, and ecstatic, will frequently be among the first to sink back to the apathy, from which at one time they imagined themselves to have been raised by the special agency of the Holy Spirit. Will you say that such are

not truly converted, or that they resist the spirit? The first is certain, but of the last who is to judge? The person who falls away, is as certain of being under a spiritual influence, as any one who retains this conviction for years, and even through his whole life. But falling away is a proof that he was deceived. Very true; yet if one may be deceived for a month or a day, so may another as long as he lives. Hence it is the very excess of presumption to set up any pretensions, or make any assertions in the case.

Nor ought any one to rely on this kind of influence, till he can prove that the days of miracles have never ceased. Conversion upon calvinistic principles, is as much a miracle, as it would be to stop the sun in its course, or raise the dead to life. But as no proof can be advanced, that miracles have been wrought since the time of the Apostles even for great purposes, such as promoting the divine dispensations, or the general interests of mankind; where is the humility, modesty, or good sense of any man's pretending, that the Supreme Being has condescended to change the course of nature in his behalf, especially when the same argument, which he uses to convince himself of this fact, is used with equal assurance by others, who are confessedly deceived? * * * *

The tendency of a doctrine is best ascertained by regarding its effects where it has the greatest power of action; and if we trace back the checkered history of the Church, it will present us with little, which we could desire to remember respecting the moral code of those sects, which have made the theory of a miraculous conversion a leading tenet of their belief.

History also affords a dismal picture of the deplorable effects of this doctrine, in the annals of fanaticism. Men have gone mad in the belief that their frenzy was the inward workings of the Spirit of God. Next have come murders and rapines, persecutions and tortures, hatred and malice, and every detestable vice, which could disgrace human nature and demoralize society. Keep within the compass of the Reformation, and run through the records of fanaticism from the fratricide of Alphonsus Dias, to the piteous delusions, which in recent times have bewildered the followers of Huntington, Brothers, and Southcott. The madness of Mencer, Stubner, and Storck, who kindled a civil war in Germany, sacrificed the lives of many credulous followers, and committed the greatest excesses under the pretence of being actuated by a divine impulse; the wild reveries, which broke out in so many shapes of intolerance and cruelty during the reign of the unfortunate Charles, and the existence of the Commonwealth; the ravings of Muggleton and Reeves, who declared it to be the unpardonable sin to reject what they called their spiritual message; the scornful zeal of the Puritans, which was ready to burst out with its consuming fires upon all, who did not profess to seek the Lord under the same influences as themselves,—these facts and events with numerous others of a similar nature, have been so many practical illustrations of the doctrine of conversion by an irresistible agency of the divine Spirit.

Now we frankly confess we cannot receive a doctrine as coming from God, not a trace of which we can find in the Scriptures, which is so fallacious in the testimony it gives of a divine origin, which is so defective in its practical tendency, and which has actually been made an instrument in bringing down the greatest disorders, evils, and wretchedness upon the church, and upon society. The only authority on which it rests, is the testimony of individuals. And in what does this consist? It appeals to certain emotions, feelings, and frames of mind, which may come as readily from rational and mechanical, as from spiritual sources. Speaking of the particulars of this testimony, the eloquent James Foster observes, "They give a handle to every wretched enthusiast to impute his ravings, and follies, and wild starts of imagination, to the spirit of their living God. And thus they consecrate delusion and imposture, and, if these be of a licentious and impure tendency, enable them with the more ease to extirpate the natural seeds of virtue, and corrupt the morals." Sparks.

FROM THE U. MAGAZINE.
NICODEMUS; OR, DEVOTEDNESS TO POPULARITY.

We have not much account of Nicodemus in the Scriptures; but from the few incidental notices there given of him, we learn that he was one of the great men of his day, a Ruler of the Jews, a regular professor of the popular religion, and had the honor of sitting in the Council with other Pharisees of note and the chief priests. Of course, this great and honorable man enjoyed the support and superstitious veneration of the whole body of professors of regular religious standing throughout the nation,—a gratification, the exquisiteness of which can be realized only by those who have enjoyed the like. And his professions and honorable station gave him also the enviable right of wearing publicly the holy phylacteries of the Pharisees, written all over with passages of the law; and of being addressed by the graciously elating title of "Rabbi, Rabbi," wherever he went.

All this honor he had at the cheap rate of disfiguring his countenance and looking sad like other Pharisees, standing in the corners of the streets or in the synagogues to pray at the established hours, and keeping aloof from the unrighteous publicans and sinners—at least it appeared to the world that this was all he had to pay for it; and a small price it was for so much distinction, as every body will acknowledge, who has any taste for all this kind of honor.

Nicodemus was blest with an exquisite taste for it: he most dearly loved the applause of men; he was so enchanted with popularity that he gave himself up to it, a willing slave. He sacrificed a good conscience in order to enjoy it, so great was his liking for it; for he in reality believed that Christ's doctrine was the truth of God, all the while he was keeping up, before the world, the profession of a regular orthodox Pharisee. These doctrines which he supported and ornamented by his influential station and great name, and which in return ornamented him by means of loaves and fishes and worldly honors, were not the doctrines he believed. When he went into the solemn convocations of the Jews, and took his part in the religious services and labours of the occasion, he secretly detested the cause, and despised the solemn nonsense that was going on; but for the sake of his adored popularity, he submitted to it all, called it very good, and a thing that ought to be supported.

Yes, he sacrificed his integrity. This, by the by, was a tax which the world knew not that he paid, and which it could not reckon into his accounts; but it was, most surely, a heavier one than any they did reckon on. From my heart, I pity that poor wretch, however honoured, whose conscience tells him, day by day, that he is a hypocrite. Who would be so base as to bear this self-accusation? Who would endure the consciousness that himself is a heartless deceiver, filching a hollow reputation by false appearances? Who would bear the secret shame of knowing himself a coward, afraid to stand forth to the world in his own character? Gracious heaven, how many there are that will endure all this and more too, for a little popularity. Then let them have it; heaven knows they have a hard bargain.

And their account does not end here. Like Nicodemus, they must feel some interest in the cause which their hearts secretly espouse; and then rises a conflict between their honest sentiments and their time-serving policy. How long must Nicodemus have been harassed by this conflict, before he could be reduced to the cowardly determination to seek an interview with Jesus by night! What had so honorable and proud spirited a man to do with darkness? The truth is, he could no longer endure his own opposition to his own sentiments. See Jesus he must, and hear him discourse; but how can he give up his respectable and honorary name? As all such characters would do in a similar crisis, he steals away clandestinely, afraid of the face of the very slave he might meet, lest he should be exposed, himself the meagrest slave of all. O, ye honors of the world, how low ye will stoop!

Providence itself seems to delight in contriving scenes of vexation for such fools. They soon find that they cannot belong to the popular party, unless they join in certain measures of hostility and persecution against the very cause which they secretly cherish in their hearts. How often have I seen men reduced to this dilemma! Their souls revolt at the idea of abusing what they believe to be the truth; they never have calculated on such consummate wickedness—they feel that every wound thus inflicted is an injury to themselves; but the time has arrived when they must submit to this aggravated guilt, or lose at once all they have been seeking. With a patience worthy a better cause, they take up their cross, and suffer themselves to be dragged whithersoever their masters please.

Such was the fate of the honorable Nicodemus: the council of rulers and chief priests, of which he was one, sent officers to take Jesus, that they might put him to death; [John vii] and we have no account that Nicodemus made an effort to prevent the measure. He probably remained silent, his heart beating with anxiety for the fate of him he really loved; but he was distracted with the apprehension, that if he spoke a word he lost all. At length the officers returned. Thank God, Jesus was not with them. Like frank, honest men, they declared to the council, "Never man spake like this man." How powerful and commanding is the voice of independency! It emboldened even the faint-hearted Nicodemus; and this great man, this ruler of the Jews, now stood forth and offered the following very reasonable appeal, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" But alas, in so doing, he made the long dreaded disclosure of the real state of his feelings! The Pharisees caught the word and exclaimed, "Art thou also of Galilee?" A thunderbolt from heaven could not have more dismayed Nicodemus than this; he shrunk back at this exclamation, as a criminal from a fatal witness that should unexpectedly rise up against him. One cannot but sympathize with Nicodemus, unworthy as he was. How dearly he paid

for his popularity: and here he stood a forlorn wretch, detected by the Pharisees, and justly despised by the Christians. From this time we hear nothing more of this honorable man, except that he assisted in burying Christ's body.

The truth is, no man is capable of sufficient foresight and cunning to play through the part that Nicodemus undertook, without detection. A thousand circumstances are daily occurring to expose him. In the language of sacred writ—"The heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him."

MARCUS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

"Hope is the medicine of the soul, the cordial which animates and sustains us under the labours of life, which alleviates the severest afflictions, and which sheds an increased splendour over the fairest day of earthly prosperity. But the best hopes, which take their rise only from this world, and whose flight is restricted within the narrow range of earthly good, are totally inadequate to allay the fear of death, and to remove, or in any measure to mitigate, some of the heaviest sufferings, to which we are here subjected. There are disappointments, which this world cannot compensate; losses, for which it can afford no substitute; sorrows, to which it brings no alleviation.

I would not deny the value and excellence of the nature, which God has given me, of the capacity for improvement and usefulness, with which he has endued me, and the innumerable sources of gratification and delight, to which he offers me access. I acknowledge with gratitude the multiplied earthly blessings, on his part so disinterested, on mine so undeserved, which he bestows on me. I am enchanted with the beauty and splendour, and magnificence of the world, in which he has placed me; I rejoice in the fertility of the earth, which so abundantly rewards the labours of man, and supplies subsistence for the countless myriads of its children. I contemplate with delight the diversified forms of animated existence, the innumerable and infinitely various capacities for happiness, which every where exist, and the superabundant provision, which is every where made, for their continuance, gratification, and enlargement. I feel a satisfaction, which I know not how to express, in the innumerable privileges, pleasures, and advantages of social and domestic life, in the interchange of offices of kindness and sympathy with my fellow men, in the joys of virtuous friendship, and convivial and intellectual converse, and in the contemplation of the immense improvements made by mankind in arts, and sciences, and moral worth. I admire and would wish to possess that truly christian spirit of contentment, gratitude, and benevolence, which the venerable Lindsey exhibited, when at the close of a life of much suffering and hardship, he was able to say with perfect simplicity and sincerity, that even if there were no life beyond this, he acknowledged himself greatly blessed; and, without the hope of a future reunion, yet from the intercourse and friendship, which he had enjoyed with so many wise and excellent men, he should depart from life a well satisfied guest. But if I had no hope beyond the present transient scene, I know not how I should sustain sorrows, which every day befall me; I know not what should support me under the numerous and distressing inroads, which death is daily making on the circle of my friends. "To me I confess, as one well describes the effect of death upon the Heathen, to me death would have a terrible sound, and could not but be attended with a train of the most melancholly reflections. It would unavoidably mix with all my enjoyments and unavoidably alloy and spoil their relish. It would be like a sword continually hanging over my head by a single hair; a spectre always haunting my abode; which, whatever some libertines might pretend, would cast a sudden damp on every joy, and leave no present gratification free from pain and uneasiness." I cannot envy that gloomy scepticism or that brutal insensibility, which regards such events unmoved. I would not wish to purchase relief with the extinction of memory, since in the always present recollection of departed friends, who deserved my respect and affection, I find a powerful stimulus to virtue, and a satisfaction, though melancholly, yet most refreshing to my wounded and aching bosom.

In these sentiments I think I utter only the sentiment of every virtuous and feeling heart. What words then can express the value of a religion, which dispels all anxiety, solicitude, and grief at the departure of our virtuous and christian friends? what language can express the value of that blessed hope, which entereth into that state, which is beyond the veil of death; whither the forerunner, the guide and prince of life, the conqueror of death, even Jesus has himself entered in glory and triumph? Christian father and mother! when you have deposited in the grave the child of your affection, and confidence, and hope, perhaps the son whose virtues, and talents, and manly qualities were your pride and delight, or the daughter who clung close-

ly to your heart, and whose affection and tenderness you hoped might soften the pangs of adversity, and cheer the evening of your life, tell me for what you would exchange that blessed hope, which after a short interval restores them to you, enrobed in celestial glory, beauty and immortality. Christian! when you have seen the grave close over the mortal remains of the father, who has been your guide, and counsellor, and the most faithful of friends in your prosperity and adversity; or the kindest of mothers, whose hope and delight you were, who nurtured your helpless infancy, and so often watched while you slept, and so often, by her laborious and affectionate assiduity, soothed the hours of sickness and pain, and who, with so many prayers and tears, daily approached God's mercy seat for your health, happiness, improvement, and salvation, tell me for what you would exchange that thrilling hope, that they rest in peace with that divine Father, who cares for them with even more tenderness, than they cared for you. Christian! when the bosom friend has been snatched from your side, the friend, with whom you took sweet counsel, and with whom you walked to the house of God, whose sentiments and sympathies were all yours, whose interests were indissolubly associated with your own, when you have heard the last affectionate farewell and taken the last look, and caught the last beam of kindness which shot from his closing eyes, say for what you would exchange the transporting hope of a reunion in purer friendship in a better world. Christians! I speak not to the aged only but to those, who have just past the morning of life, when you remark around you the many vacancies, which death has made among those whom you loved, and valued, when you see how many of the aged, and venerable, and deep-rooted trees have been upturned, and how many of the fairest opening blossoms nipped, how many in their meridian have been suddenly cut down with the unripe and ungathered fruit hanging thick about them, when you have so often seen death trampling with indifference on the pride and boast of genius, wit, and learning, and piercing with his fatal arrow the thickest shield and panoply of virtue, and desolating the fairest scenes of human happiness, usefulness, and promise, tell me have you never felt the infinite value of that hope, which does not permit you to think of them as lost; but which commands you to take a wider prospect of the ways and purposes of God, and remark that some are but transplanted to a more genial soil and clime, there to strike a more vigorous root, to put forth fairer blossoms, and to pour out a sweeter fragrance, and a richer harvest; and that wisdom, benevolence, usefulness, integrity, and piety shall never want scope, and opportunity for exercise; improvement, and progress, so long as the greatest and best of Beings holds the throne of the universe." Colman.

THE WINTER OF EXISTENCE.

"The afflictions of a good man (says an elegant writer) never befall without a cause, nor are sent but upon a proper errand. Those storms are never allowed to rise, but in order to dispel some noxious vapors, and restore salubrity to the moral atmosphere. Who, that for the first time beheld the earth in the midst of winter, bound up in frost, or drenched with floods of rain, or covered with snow, would have imagined that Nature, in this dreary and torpid state, was working towards its own renovation in the Spring? Yet we, by experience know, that those vicissitudes of winter are necessary for fertilizing the earth; and that under wintry rains and snows, lie concealed the seeds of those roses that are to blossom in the spring; of those fruits that are to ripen in the summer; and of the corn and wine which are in the harvest to make glad the heart of man. It would be more agreeable to us to be always entertained with a fair and clear atmosphere, with cloudless skies and a perpetual sunshine. Yet in most climates that we have knowledge of, the earth, were it always to remain in such a state, would refuse to yield its fruits; and in the midst of our imagined scenes of beauty, the starved inhabitants would perish for want of food—let us therefore quietly submit to Providence—let us conceive this life to be the winter of our existence.—Now the rains must fall, and the winds must whistle around us; but sheltering ourselves under Him, who is the 'covert from the storm,' let us wait with patience, till the storms of life shall terminate with an everlasting calm."

The rational mind is improved by tracing effects up to their just cause; by true conceptions and inferences of the nature of the Creator drawn from the works of outward creation; from man's bodily frame and functions; from the design of God, in revealing the nature of himself in the bible; from a discovery of the nature of divine order therein, and how the truths of the word relate thereunto, and are perfectly consistent with his wisdom and being; the relation that this world stands in, as it respects another state of existence; and that the whole intent of its being regards an end answerable to its creation, namely, the eternal bliss of mankind.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.—PAUL.

GARDINER, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26.

MR. DREW, I would ask of you, as a Unitarian, or of any of your Unitarian correspondents, how you reconcile the 8th verse of the XLII chap. of Isaiah, "I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another," &c. (see also 11th ver. of the XLVIII chap.) with the XII chap. of St. John's Gospel? I would inquire if Christ was not possessed of the glory of the Lord, which in Isaiah, as quoted above, the Lord says, "I will not give to another?" and if Christ was possessed with this glory, how can you make these passages consistent with each other, otherwise than admitting Christ to be Jehovah, —the Creator and Governor of the universe—the Father of all flesh?

AN INQUIRER.

In relation to the subject suggested by the communication of "An Inquirer," it is obvious that one of four things must be true: either, 1. That he has misunderstood the meaning of the texts he has quoted, and to which he refers us, or, 2. That he has paralleled passages which have no particular connexion with each other; or, if neither of these is true, 3. That God hath violated his own word; or, 4. That the Almighty hath made a declaration, purporting to be a revelation, addressed to the understandings of his rational creatures, which is grossly inconsistent and unintelligible. Because 1. If the text, "I will not give my glory to another," mean that he would give it to no person distinct from himself; and yet 2, that John xii was designed to assert that Christ was possessed of that glory of the Lord spoken of in Isaiah, then, 3, God, if Jesus be a distinct person from himself, asserted that which is not true, or, 4, If Christ be in very deed "Jehovah, the Creator, the Governor of the universe," he gave his glory to himself—or in other words, that God gave it to God! Now we confess it is impossible for us either to deny the veracity of "Him who cannot lie," or to charge him with blind evasions. If he have told us that, he will not give his glory to any person, we cannot for the sake of supporting a favorite but unintelligible theory, suppose that he meant by such an assurance that he would give it to himself—a position which to us appears totally impossible; because to give is to confer that which was not before promised; and, if God gave his glory to God, it presupposes that there was a time when Jehovah was not in possession of that essential glory which he gave himself! For these reasons we conclude that the difficulty lies in the two first particulars, viz.—those relating to the opinions of "An Inquirer" concerning the texts he has quoted and paralleled.

Our correspondent supposes that the words "I will not give my glory to another," mean, that God would give his glory to no person or being whatever, distinct from himself. Now, there may be a very rational doubt, whether such is the meaning of the Almighty. The adjective pronoun, *another*, evidently has a comparative reference to some person or thing before mentioned. In the preceding context, God, by the prophet, is speaking of the promised Messiah. "Behold my servant whom I uphold; mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles" &c. After thus mentioning the powers he would confer on Christ, describing his character, and predicting his triumphs, he adds, "I am the Lord: that is my name." i. e. a name indicative of my proprietorship, and of an exclusive right to confer my favours on whom I please. "And my glory will I not give to another," i. e. I will not give my glory to any other person than him who is "my servant, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth, and on whom I have put my spirit." To him and to him alone will I give my glory; but "I will not give it to another." If our friend is speaking of a favorite child, and declaring what he will do for, and confer on him, and then adds, "I will not give my property to another," would it follow that he meant to give his property to no one but himself? or that if he gave it to his son, that child must necessarily be his own father? We think not.

It will be perceived, then, that God might say he would not give his glory to another, and yet that he might give it to his son; and all this without proving that his son was "the Father of all flesh," because he might give it to him, and not to another.

Under this view of the subject, allowing our criticisms to be correct, there was no necessity that "An Inquirer" should parallel the xii of John with Isaiah xlii 8, &c. in order to prove that "Christ was possessed of the glory of his Father;" because the text itself, in connexion with the preceding verses, would sufficiently support that idea. But the proof therein contained, relative to this point, is equally unfavorable to the inference, that Christ is himself very God, as we before shew.

As for the xii chap. of John, however, we do not discover in it what "Inquirer" seems to have gathered from it. We see no verse in that chapter which speaks of God's giving his glory to his son. We hear, it is true, of his being about to be "glorified" by his death, resurrection and ascension; but if the fact of

a person's being glorified prove that he is the Eternal God, then it must also be admitted that all the followers of Christ, who are confessedly to be glorified, after the example of their forerunner, will also be so many Jehovahs!

We know that Trinitarians depend very much upon a certain set of syllogisms to prove the supreme deity of Jesus Christ; but to us they always appeared inconclusive, because if they prove any thing, they prove altogether too much. That proposed by our friendly correspondent is one of this character. It is said—God would give his glory to no person distinct from himself: he gave his glory to his son—*ergo*, his son is himself! The leading term of this syllogism, however, as before shown, may be erroneous; and if it is not—if the text, depended upon to support it, be properly understood by trinitarians—then the next is incorrect; because nothing remains to prove that he *did* give his glory to him. In either case the conclusion is illegitimate. Allow trinitarians to select the leading terms of a syllogism, and to take the second for granted; and while they can prove the trinity, others, with the same privilege, could as legitimately establish the truth of a more admissible polytheism. For instance: Trinitarians say no person can be "glorified" (John xii) but God. Christ was glorified—therefore Christ is God. Let the leading term here taken, be true; and others might say—No person can be glorified but God. The disciples he glorified—"whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified," (Rom. viii 30) therefore, the disciples of Christ are God! It is said, There is but one living and true God. Jesus Christ is called God—therefore, Jesus Christ is the one living and true God. It might be added—There is but one living and true God. Moses and Joshua were called God—therefore, Moses and Joshua are the one living and true God!

We trust that "An Inquirer" will see that the conclusion at which he hints is not a necessary one—that if the argument from which it is derived prove any thing, it would prove too much even for trinitarians themselves. The substance of his objection is, in short this:—God would not give his glory to another. (Isaiah xlii 8.) He glorified Jesus Christ. (John xii.) Is not Christ, therefore, Jehovah, the Creator and Governor of the universe—the Father of all flesh? We would reinvite his attention to Rom. viii 30, where the *called* are said to have been *also glorified*, and ask him in turn, if it could not as well be proved that they are Jehovahs, &c.? We would likewise refer him to Daniel ii 37, and to Psalms lxxiv, 11, and inquire whether we are to understand that "Nebuchadnezzar" and "those who walk uprightly," to whom God gave "glory," are therefore persons equal to the Almighty?

Whether the doctrine of the trinity is true or not, of one thing we feel quite certain—that we never yet have seen any rational, intelligible, or scriptural account of it. The proofs adduced in its support, like its own mysteries, appear to us to be obscure and inconclusive. Far—infinite far from us be even the secret thought to deprive our blessed Saviour of the honors to which he is entitled, or which "his Father and our Father" has conferred upon him. We recognize in him "the Saviour of the world"—we acknowledge him to be our infallible guide, divine instructor and glorious redeemer. To his mighty work we look for the consummation of our hope, and would receive and obey him as the author and finisher of our faith. We repeat it: Our fervent desire is to honour, by no means to degrade, him who is our life—the opener of immortality, and the first ripe and sanctifying fruits of the human harvest. Still, we must be permitted to say, that the Bible is the only rule of our faith. Whatever teaches we will believe; but we cannot—we cannot sacrifice that for the unintelligible theories of the Athanasian school. We believe all which the scriptures testify of our Saviour. It is enough for us to know that he is the "Son of God," endowed with all power necessary to enable him to save the world,—that his religion is the religion of heaven, bringing peace on earth and good will towards men—drawing them into the delightful paths of duty—raising the devout affections of the human heart towards its God and pointing to that triumphant state where "death shall be swallowed up in victory," and "tears be wiped from off all faces."

In short we cannot better express our belief on this subject, than to use the words of the venerable Paul—"That there is one God, and one MEDIATOR between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time!" If for believing this we must be judged heretical, we shall not be much alarmed; for we have with us the company of Prophets and Apostles, of whom we are not ashamed.

REV. JOHN BISHOP has resigned the editorial charge of the Hartford Religious Inquirer, and RUSSEL CANFIELD has become its editor.

Cæsar used to say, that no music was so charming to his ears as the requests of his friends, and the supplications of those in want of his assistance.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE INTELLIGENCER.

The bleak north wind blew wildly; the falling clouds of snow and hail had nearly obscured the pathway, and, overcome with fatigue and cold, Mr. and Mrs. D. gladly availed themselves of the first opportunity that presented, to introduce their trembling frames into some human habitation. The house did not, it is true, appear very inviting, though it evidently was once the abode of wealth and grandeur. All around the shattered dwelling, though it spoke of former glory, afforded not a very encouraging hope of good entertainment now. But necessity sometimes makes us thankful for what good fortune would despise, and is frequently the parent of much real advantage. At first Mrs. D. hesitated; but yielding to the advice of her husband, and anxious to comply with the innocent entreaties of their eldest child, who seemed to suppose that every house must of course permit the same protection and the same comforts as were enjoyed at home, she received his arm, and prepared to accompany him to the door.

There arrived, Mr. D. raised his be-numbed hand and gave three distinct knocks. All was silent. No appearance of any human beings was discovered, save the astonished visages of a number of children, who suddenly rushed to the windows, nearly darkened by shingles and hats, contending with each other for a spot to place their eyes upon. He knocked a second time; but obtained no reply. Mrs. D. nearly discouraged, would have returned to the sleigh; but resolved to enter if possible, Mr. D. knocked again more violently than ever, turning his eyes at the same time towards the peopled window, exclaiming—do let us come in, we are perishing with the cold! "Come in," exclaimed a female voice in a low and reluctant tone. They pressed open the door and entered.

Every thing within seemed to speak of ruined wealth and ruined happiness. The floors and ceilings, however, together with the few remaining pieces of furniture appeared to be neat,—so far as it was possible to make them so—and furnished undoubted evidence of the industry and care of the mother.

They were received by an intelligent looking, but grief worn female, whose eyes seemed to be swollen with tears and whose countenance expressed not a little mortification. She offered each a chair—a poor woman, she had but three in the house—and invited them to draw toward the fire, or rather, the place where the fire should be. The bare-footed and half-naked children gathered around their little girl, seated as she was upon a block of wood, and as they gazed upon her ornamented garments stood in silent astonishment and despair. In a few minutes Mrs. F. arose, took the coarse woollen blanket from her shoulders, spread it over the few embers that burned on the hearth, conveyed it to an adjoining apartment and returned without it. In the mean time, Mrs. D. whose attention was altogether absorbed by the appearances of poverty and wretchedness around them, gave her husband an expressive look, that could not be misunderstood. It was an appeal to his sympathies. It was not in vain, though it was unnecessary. They felt the miseries of the house, and forgot their own. The warm tide of compassion flowed freely from their hearts, as they saw worth and innocence suffering. The fatigues which had been endured on their journey, they despised then to make the subject of complaint. So true it is that one evil becomes tolerable when we realize a greater. "I wish," said Mrs. F. as she returned from the adjoining room, "I wish it were in my power to accommodate you more comfortably. We have just at this time but a little fuel on hand, and as the storm is increasing, we find it necessary to be as prudent of it as possible. The woodmen, it is true, frequently pass our house on their way to market, indeed I perceive there is one now coming up the hill, but"—here she hesitated as if reluctant to add what she was on the point of expressing, and ultimately paused. Mrs. D.—for women can often anticipate each other—took the hint; and, drawing her work pocket from her side, on which a shower of tears instinctively fell, she took therefrom a handful of change and with an ardour, that created a new tie in her husband's heart, gave it to one of the larger boys saying—"go, my dear, bring the woodman and direct him to bring his load here." "Oh! no," said Mrs. F.—"yes, yes," said Mrs. D. and the boy hastened with joy to meet the woodman.

This little deed of charity,—a deed, which it were impossible for any benevolent person not to perform at such a time—though it was given with more cheerfulness than it was received, served perhaps to authorize a little more familiarity on the part of the strangers and to permit them to inquire with less hesitancy into the present situation of this family, and the causes which led to their penury.

Accordingly, after the departure of the boy, Mrs. F. having placed upon the fire a sufficiency of the fuel remaining, Mr. D. ventured to introduce a farther conversation with this worthy matron, as follows: We are mutual strangers it is true, Mrs. F. but the apparently reduced state of your circumstances, creates an anxiety in me to be informed of your history. I think I see here a ruined fortune and a broken heart; and you will not take it unkind in me, if I add that, I feel a strong interest in your welfare. Will you inform me whether my impressions are well founded? Mrs. F. was a woman of excellent accomplishments and of fine sensibilities;

and when she found that her humiliation was so obvious as to excite the attention, and to engage the sympathies of a stranger, she could no longer suppress her feelings but gave vent to them in a copious effusion of tears. Her children too, in the artless language of innocence would have cried with her; but they had so often witnessed her weeping that they listened with attention to the conversation without seeming to be sensibly affected by it.

"I have no objection," said Mrs. F. after she had struggled for some time to compose herself—"I have no objection, Sir, to relate to you the simple tale of my misfortunes, especially as I have reason to believe your professions are sincere. My father was a wealthy gentleman in the town of S—. You have perhaps heard of Gen. W—. I was his only child. Having been blessed in his youth with a liberal education, and acquiring in maturer life a respectable property, he was particularly desirous of giving me a good female education, and his interest enabled him to fulfil his intentions. I suppose that I was an object most dear to his heart. The impressions which his paternal kindness have made on my mind can never be erased. Blessed be his memory. He followed my mother, who died in my infancy, peacefully to the tomb about twenty years ago. I was then upon the point of uniting myself in matrimony with a young man of considerable fortune and very respectable literary attainments. Mr. F. was young and engaging. My father was pleased with him, not only on account of his honorable standing in life, but also because he was professedly religious—he having joined the church when about seventeen years of age.

"Not long after the death of my venerated father, I married with Mr. F. The union of our respective properties amounted to about twenty thousand dollars; a large part of which consisted in the mansion house, &c. in which we now live." A long and heavy groan, like that of a man in great distress, proceeding from an adjoining room, here interrupted the narrative. Mr. D. hastily inquired the cause of it? The poor woman burst into tears, and arising suddenly hastened to the place of distress. Mrs. F. immediately returned, bringing with her the blanket which a short time before she had carried into that room, and with a deep sigh resumed her seat, and recommenced the narration of her troubles.

"My husband, at the commencement of his career, was too wealthy. He needed something to excite him to industry and to confirm his habits of temperance. But his property encouraged indolence, and indolence nursed a host of other evils. He complained, like most others, of the shortness of time as a whole, but was impatient at the length of its parts. Days were too long to him, for he had nothing to accomplish in them. To wear away time, he at length had recourse to ardent spirits. This destructive habit gained rapidly upon him. Nights blended with days, witnessed him rioting in excess, and squandering his money at the gaming table. In the meantime our family increased. We have had nine beautiful children; three of them we have followed to the grave, and I have sometimes thought it was in mercy that God took them away, that they might not be left to behold and partake of our present miseries. But it is not necessary for me to be very particular. Suffice it to say, my husband—he to whom my heart's best affections were bound—he who vowed love and kindness and protection toward me—he became an habitual—Oh! must I say it—an habitual drunkard! He squandered his property, until it was all gone! He has abused both me and his children! Yet I still may be permitted to say, I love him. He was my early friend, and he is the father of my needy children. Not a day passes over my head, in which I do not bend my knee to that God, whose favours he has abused, to entreat for his reformation and happiness. But his case is undoubtedly hopeless; and I and mine are undone. We are in very want. Many a time have I divided my last small morsel with my darling children, and have heard their cries for bread when it was beyond my power to relieve them! My husband is now in that room in a state of helpless intoxication. It was from him that you heard those groans. He has become a mere beast. He can always succeed—I know not how—in obtaining the intoxicating draught, and when he is in liquor he seeks to pour the whole storm of his resentment upon my defenceless head. I have borne the misfortune meekly. I have always rendered kindness for abuse; and perhaps in this I have done wrong. Those however are alone capable of sitting in judgment on me, who have known by experience what it is to be in my situation. We still live in that house it is true, where I once enjoyed a father's protection, and where I hailed the matrimonial day which dawned with such fair prospects of a happy life. But it is no longer ours; and we are permitted to remain in it only on sufferance, by one who has held the poisoned cup to my husband's lips until he has robbed him of the last cent he possessed.

"When I look back to our former glory and contrast it with our present wretchedness, the thought is too painful for me and overcomes all my better powers. I am extremely poor—a family of beloved children are dependent on me, old age is approaching and the future promises nothing but storms and miseries! My only prayer is—that God would provide for my helpless children; and enable me to bend in humble submission to his will, until this life's troubled scene is over, and I shall meet with

the purified race of man where sorrowing and sighing can never come!"

All the while Mrs. F. was relating the sad tale of her misfortunes, Mrs. D. was in tears. She was disposed to "weep with those that weep," and in this case she did it freely. But when the narrator spoke of the contrast between her former and her present situation—when she referred to the abuse which she, innocent and affectionate as she was, had received from him who, if it were not for the incensing bowl, would have rewarded her largely for all her faithfulness—when she mentioned her children, and placed her hand upon their heads, as she invoked the blessing of an Eternal Father upon them, it was too much for her; in the warmth of her compassion, she fell upon the neck of the injured woman, exclaiming—God in mercy, bind up this broken heart; and pour into this wounded spirit the richest of thine own divine consolations!

Never did a person wish for riches more than these strangers did, when obliged to take their leave of this interesting, but neglected family. Freely would they have restored its lost fortune. But benevolence is sometimes compelled to stop and weep over wounds it cannot heal. They gave them all they had—it was not much; but it was enough to answer the calls of nature, at least for the present. The separation was not without pain, for it left wishes unsatisfied on the one hand, and an inability to repay a kindness, which indeed was more than paid by its own exercise, on the other.

As they proceeded homeward Mrs. D. exclaimed—"Let me be thankful that heaven put it in our way to visit that abode of sorrow. From it, let me learn to be more satisfied than ever with the blessings I possess—a home made comfortable and happy by him, the sharer of my affections, who, thank God, has not made shipwreck of his virtue on the accursed rock of intemperance." "And let me return, replied Mr. D. "to preach to the world the destructive tendency and wretched consequences of a vice, that sinks the rational man below the irrational brute, and that brings an insupportable load of miseries to the innocent and deserving!" GULIELMUS.

LETTER, No. IV.

TO THE REV. CHARLES S—.

My dear Friend;

Relative to the doctrine of endless punishment after death,—a doctrine which you think is the very holy root of all real religion, theoretical and practical—and without which infidelity and licentiousness must revel in the consecrated temples of the Most High, I would ask the privilege to say, and to support the assertion by some remarks, that I do most sincerely believe it to be so far from having any valuable religious influence with it, that it is in fact injurious to religion and general happiness. You will undoubtedly be very much surprised at this frank and explicit declaration from me, because, I know you suppose that this doctrine is the great bulwark of religion and the only effectual safeguard against immorality and licentiousness. Take the doctrine of endless misery away, say you, and every restraint is removed from the criminal desires of men;—take it away, and all motives to be religious vanish with it;—take this away, and wickedness must walk forth with fearless daring, trampling with haughty insolence over the fallen glory and ruined abodes of innocence and devotion!

I know not but you sincerely think so; and this may be the reason why you so much deprecate the present prevalence of a doctrine which denies the truth of this your favorite theory. I will do you the justice to say, I believe you to be a friend of morality and a well wisher to the cause of holiness among men. But having a wrong idea of my doctrine and of its real tendency, you have opposed it because you have thus concluded it to be unfavorable to inward piety and outward morality. I will now proceed to show you your error; to maintain my former assertion—that the doctrine of endless punishment is not favorable to real vital religion; but that it is calculated to have a bad influence with it over the hearts and lives of those who are the most devoted to it.

What is religion? Is it not love to God and love to man—a love that induces its possessor to obey the former by promoting the improvement and welfare of the latter? You will not deny this. You well know that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—that on a love for God and our fellow creatures, hang all the law and the prophets. Now to make men love God and their neighbour is to make them religious; because if they love the former they "will keep his commandments," and if they love the latter they will do nothing to injure, but every thing to benefit them. What then is that which is the most likely to induce men to love and therefore to obey God? This question comes home to the subject; and according as it is decided must stand or fall the religious value of our respective systems of faith. If a belief in the doctrine of endless torments be best calculated to make men love him who inflicts them, and those on whom they are poured out, then is it most serviceable in the cause of religion, and then, I may add, is it most true;—because that must be the most true which is best calculated to make men love God. But if it is not, then it follows that you have been palpably mistaken as to its supreme importance to the cause of holiness.

Now let me, Charles, put the question to your heart, and demand that it give an honest answer louder than all the vociferations of prejudice—let me ask you, is a

THE CHRONICLE.

GARDINER, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1827.

NOTICE
To Agents and Subscribers.

We publish in a succeeding column, a list of Agents for this paper,—most of whom were agents for the preceding volume. Those gentlemen whose names we have inserted in the list, without consulting them, will confer a favour on us by accepting the appointment. If there are any omissions, the gentlemen, whose names are omitted will be good enough to inform us of the fact, as none are omitted nor no changes made, except by request, or mistake.

For the greater accommodation of subscribers, we will extend the time in which payment in advance, for the present volume, may be made, to the end of February.

The publisher intends calling personally on the Agents residing in the western part of Kennebec county, the lower part of Oxford, in Cumberland and York, and on the principal agents in New-Hampshire and Massachusetts, early in February; and those subscribers who wish to avail themselves of the advantage of payment in advance, will do well to attend to it previous to such call.

CONGRESS. The bill to provide for the officers and soldiers of the army of the revolution, which has recently formed the subject of considerable debate in Congress, and to the passage of which those patriot sires have looked with a cheering hope, it is thought will not become a law the present winter. The enemies of the bill have succeeded in introducing certain obnoxious amendments into it, which will, in all probability, have the intended effect to destroy it. Thus must our venerated fathers, who fought and bled and rendered themselves poor, for the liberties which we their sons are proud to enjoy, go down to the grave, bearing a melancholy testimony to the maxim, which we had hoped our nation would have proved to be false, that "republics are ungrateful."

The bill to increase the salary of the Post Master General, from \$4000 to \$6000 per annum, has passed the House by a vote of 101 to 80.

Mr. Worthington has presented a petition from sundry citizens of Maryland, praying for an appropriation in aid of a polar expedition. If this should be granted, it may not be long before it will be ascertained whether the theory of Capt. Symmes is correct or not.

The committee on the appeal of the Vice President were, by the last accounts, still sitting. Their report may be expected in a few days.

MAINE LEGISLATURE. On the 18th inst. the House, on its part, elected Hon. ALBION K. PARRIS a Senator in Congress for six years from the 4th March next. The votes were as follows:—Paris 77, Whitman 26, Holmes 18, Sprague 13, Wingate 8, Williams 5, Preble 1, Cushman 1. On Tuesday last the Senate nonconcurrent the House and elected Hon. JOHN HOLMES to that office. Votes—Holmes 11, Paris 7, Whitman 1, and one blank. A new trial takes place this day.

Leave to bring in a bill has been granted to the petitioners for a new county on this side Penobscot bay and river.

Next Wednesday is assigned for electing a Major General of the first division, (York) to take the place of Gen. McDonald, deceased.

Wednesday, Feb. 7 has been appointed by the Legislature, to investigate the case of the Eastport Bank.

The committee of the Senate on the Judiciary have reported that it is *inexpedient* to alter the laws concerning usury.

A Resolve has passed the Senate fixing the Seat of Government at Augusta after 1830. It met with no serious opposition. It also requires the Governor to procure a plan and estimate of public buildings; and also to appoint a committee to select a suitable spot in Augusta, if the Committee should be of opinion, that the lot already selected and offered to the state, is not the most suitable. Tuesday next is appointed to consider the subject in the House.

ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. was on Wednesday, 17th, reelected, unanimously, Treasurer of this State.

Elijah H. Mills has been elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, on the part of the House, and John Mills by the Senate. The Boston Courier thinks that both of those gentlemen will be dropped, and Gov. Lincoln finally elected.

Since the above was in type, we have received the Boston Patriot of Wednesday, by which we learn, that on Tuesday last, another trial was made in the House, and E. H. MILLS was again elected.

The Patriot says, "As the two branches are so decidedly at variance in the election of Senator, it is not unlikely that the proceedings will here end."

NEW SENATORS TO CONGRESS. Gov. Tyler of Virginia, has been elected by the Legislature of that State, a Senator in Congress, for six years, from the 4th March next to take the place of John Randolph. The vote was a close one, Gov. T. having 115 and Mr. R. 110, scattering 2. Hon. L. McLean,

one of the ablest members of the present House, has been chosen a Senator to represent Delaware in Congress for the next six years, and Hon. Mr. Ridgely is elected his colleague for the remainder of the term of the late Mr. Vandyke, which expires March 3, 1829. Gen Samuel Smith has been re-elected a Senator for six years, from Maryland.

A proposition is before the Massachusetts Legislature, to procure statues of JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, to be placed with that of WASHINGTON, in the state house hall, at Boston.

We understand that WILLIAM WHITE, Esq. of Belfast, Counsellor at Law, is preparing for the press a History of that town, from its earliest settlement to the present time. The talents and general accuracy of that gentleman afford a sufficient pledge that the work will be respectable in a literary point of view, as well as instructing and interesting to the public generally. In Belfast, and its vicinity was laid the scene of some important events, both in the revolutionary and in the late war; and we understand that the Author has in store a fund of interesting materials, collected from those times, which are to be brought into his work.

We take the liberty to make the following extract of a letter received from Rev. THOMAS G. FARNSWORTH of Haverhill, Mass.

"I am pleased with the new arrangement in the form and publication of the 'Christian Intelligencer,' and am persuaded that this is the sentiment of every discerning and chaste friend to true Christianity, who has seen it in its new dress. Its association with the 'Chronicle,' whereby it is made a vehicle of general and useful intelligence, cannot fail to make it more generally acceptable, and give it a more extensive circulation, thereby rendering it a more powerful auxiliary to the cause to which it is devoted."

HARTFORD ASYLUM. While we are writing, it is our pleasure to witness a demonstrative evidence of the value of the Hartford Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb. A gentleman is now in the office, interesting us with his conversation, who has been educated at that institution. He writes correctly, reads with facility, and his manners appear to be well cultivated. The tear which gathers in our eye for his misfortunes, is, in some measure, recalled by a consideration of the grateful fact, that they have been considerably relieved by an institution which is an honour to the age—our country and human nature. Long may it continue a blessing to that unfortunate portion of our fellow citizens, who have "ears to hear but hear not, and mouths to speak but speak not," measurably bestowing what nature has denied them—the inestimable privilege of regulating and communicating ideas and of receiving instruction.

If any of our subscribers, who, meeting with difficulty in obtaining their papers from their respective post offices, have suspicions that the Post Masters are unfaithful to their trust, will endeavour to obtain proof of their infidelity, and furnish us with well attested facts in the case, we will forthwith represent such to the Post Master General, who will deal with them as they deserve.

We are sorry to learn that any of our kind subscribers should have supposed, from some well intended remarks of a political nature which we made week before last, that we meant to assume any thing of a party stand. We assuredly did not. The editor stands on principles, above any thing of that nature. The remarks were made rather accidentally at the time and in the spirit of that independence which is the boast of freemen; but they were not expressed from any political enmity whatever, to any one.

EUROPE. It is not probable that we shall receive any intelligence from Europe for several days yet to come. The latest advices had a short passage across the Atlantic, and the next that can be reasonably expected will be by the packets of the 20th Dec. which in the ordinary course of winter passages cannot reach us till near the close of the month. Considerable solicitude will doubtless exist, respecting the political affairs of Europe, and the result of the warlike measures proposed in the British parliament. We have seen letters from Liverpool of the 16th Dec. one of which states that the subject of war produces great excitement in London, but the writer leans to an opinion that not much will grow out of it. *Boston Courier.*

BRITISH COLONY TRADE. Extract of a Letter to the Editors of the Baltimore American, from a member of Congress, dated Washington January 13th 1827.

The Committee on Commerce will, it is believed, next week, report on so much of the President's Message at the opening of Congress, as relates to the present state of the British colonial trade. The prohibition to the United States by the British Government, in carrying on the trade of their colonies and their dependencies by Acts of Parliament, and more recent Orders in Council, will be met, like for like—it will then rest with that government, to meet the United States upon liberal and equitable grounds, as have been offered repeatedly. The monopolizing spirit of that government and people, we have been combating for more than half a century—from which inconveniences have accrued and which always happen in a greater or

less degree from the changes in the regulations of trade. The navigating interests of this country must be maintained: it is essential to our independence. The government of the United States will, in this particular, adopt such a course of measures as cannot fail in more firmly establishing the character of this republic. The world will be taught more and more to estimate its prudence—its strength—its fortitude—in securing to its people their rights, and their interests, at home and abroad. Let our acts still be righteous and firm, and a beneficent Providence will continue to smile on our rulers, and preserve us a happy people."

MOBILE, Dec. 19.

Shocking Murder.—On Friday last, Mr. E. Magee, overseer for Major Montgomery, at Dog River, in this county, was most inhumanly murdered by the slaves belonging to his brick yard.

The information was brought up to the city on Saturday, by a negro from a neighboring plantation, who, it appears, witnessed a part of this horrid transaction. A party from this city went down on Saturday night and secured the negroes, who were found fiddling and dancing. One of the prisoners gave information how the body was disposed of, and on search being made it was found a short distance from the shore in the river, in about twelve feet water, secured by 2 or 300 lbs. of iron.

An inquest was held on the body, and from the testimony given in by the negroes, we understand that he was thrown overboard before he was dead, after a second attempt to drown him. Eight negroes, four men and four women, were brought to town yesterday and secured in jail, as being implicated in a greater or less degree in the murder. From all that has transpired, it appears that the negro Rachel was the ringleader, and chief actress in the scene—the attack was commenced by her, in consequence of a threat on the part of Magee, to flog her, and the others joined in and participated in the crime. After beating him nearly to death, he was taken to the river, put in a boat, and thrown overboard, as before described. He made no resistance, it seems, from the beginning, but begged for quarter; from all accounts he was tortured in a horrid manner. The body was brought up to town on Sunday, and interred. Mr. Magee, we are informed, was a native of S. Carolina.

The Ithaca Chronicle, of the 10th instant, states that the house of Isaac Serine, of Hector, containing a number of children, who had been left asleep, took fire, on the evening of the 1st, in the absence of the parents. A lad of 13 years, who slept in the room with a child of three, awoke, and finding the room on fire, endeavored in the first place to extinguish it. Finding himself unsuccessful, he then endeavored to rescue the small child, which had become enveloped in the flames, but did not succeed, and it was consumed with the building. Notwithstanding this, he afterwards proceeded to the other room, in which three or four children were sleeping, who, through his means, escaped uninjured. In these attempts he burnt himself so severely, that the loss of his own life, on the evening following, was the consequence. All the contents of the house were consumed.

A woman, whose name is said to be Staples, belonging to Kittery, was found dead in an Engine house, near the north burying ground, on Wednesday night. She was of intemperate habits; and as she was seen in that neighborhood 3 or 4 days before, and had a small jug of spirits with her when found, there can be little doubt she perished from intoxication and cold, and had laid unobserved all the intervening time.—*Ports. pa.*

A short time since, one of the convicts, in the Kentucky penitentiary, having been put to weaving which he did not like, chopped off, with an axe, the fingers of his left hand and a part of his left foot, with most of his toes.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.

Our harbor is completely closed to the forts and the ice even extends a mile, or two below them. On Sunday, a small pilot boat was dispatched from town with stores and provisions, on runners, to take the water at the outer limit of the ice and render assistance to any vessel that might be coming into port. No vessel was in sight from the city. During the day, many persons were crossing the harbor on the ice in various directions, some walking and others skating. *Patriot.*

Major Hook.—This singular character died Monday se'night, at his house, Ham street, Ham common. He was a major in the East India Company's service, and attained his 75th year. His residence was a marked spot by its gloomy and neglected appearance. By the will of a relation, he was entitled to an annuity ' whilst his wife was above ground.' To fulfil the tenor of this important document, after her death he caused her to be placed in a chamber, her body to be preserved, and a glass case to be put over it.—In this situation it has remained upwards of thirty years. It is said that he never permitted any person to enter the room but himself. Major Hook's habits were well known in the neighborhood; and he was considered to be a man of large property. *Worcester (Eng.) Herald.*

The Editor will preach in Waterville next Sabbath.

WANTED at this office, as an apprentice, an active and well educated lad, about 15 years of age.

MARRIED.

In Portland, Mr. Joseph M. Moore, of Waterville, to Miss Caroline H. Barneville.

In Danville, 5th inst. Mr. Josiah Frost to Miss Lydia L. Dyer.

In Starks, Mr. Isaac Hibberd, of Wilton, to Miss Susan Wood.

In Norridgewock, Mr. Jonathan Whipple, of Concord, Vt. to Miss Lydia Farnham.

In Eastport, Mr. John Davis, merchant, to Miss Eliza P. Bucknam, daughter of Seward Bucknam, Esq.

In East Machias, Josiah A. Lowell, Esq. to Miss Miranda S. Turner.

In Salem, by the Rev. Mr. Bolles, Doctor Increase S. Sawyer, of Hamden, Me. to Miss Ann D. Pales.

In Pittston, Mr. John Rollins to Miss Olive Smith.

In Thomaston, Mr. Ezekiel D. Kellock to Miss Sarah Trask, of Boothbay.—Mr. Jabez Morse to Miss Betsey Kaler.

In Warren, Mr. Robert Lawry to Miss Susan Spear; Mr. Martin Storer to Miss Susan Holmes.

In Camden, Mr. James Bird to Miss Mary Jane Chase—Mr. Shubelack Rice to Miss Almira Cooper—Mr. John Thorndike, Jr. of Searsmont, to Miss Sarah Ogier—Mr. Edmund Braden, of Edgcomb to Miss Sally Wilson—Mr. Thomas Annis to Miss Isabella Green.

DIED.

In Belfast, on the 7th inst. Mrs. SALLY G. SPRING. Female virtue, though unostentatious, is frequently the cause of much social advantage. Mrs. S. was an intelligent, industrious and sympathizing woman. She had known misfortune, and she knew also how to bear it. Naturally cheerful, her intercourse among her acquaintances was always agreeable. Her death will be long lamented by those who knew her worth. She was ever ready to obey the call of the sick, and to sympathize with those who mourn. Her views of religion were rational and encouraging—contemplating the final salvation of the world through the merits of a crucified Redeemer.

In Portland, Robert Boyd, Esq. aged 64.

In Augusta, on Thursday morning, Mrs. Mary, wife of Daniel Williams, Esq. in the 29th year of her age; she left four children, one of them an infant.

In Springfield, while sitting in a chair, Harrison Gray Otis, Jr. Esq. of Boston.

In Winthrop, January 12, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Daniel Marrow, aged 89 years—she removed from Medway, (Mass.) in the year 1779. She left 164 descendants, 8 Children, 54 Grand-children, and 102 of the fourth generation.

In Norway, on the 13th inst. Nathan Noble, in the 65th year of his age.

At Craigie's Mills, Hebron, a young man by the name of Joel Emery, of Shelburne, N. H. aged 18 years.—He started from home on Tuesday morning last in good health, and to all human probability with a hold on life as strong as any of his neighbors around him; on Thursday was taken seriously ill in Portland with the cholera morbus, and having returned as far as Hebron, he on Sunday breathed his last. Thus we see that "in the midst of life we are in death."

LIST OF AGENTS.

MAINE.

Augusta, John Read.
Anson, Hon. J. Collins.
Bath, N. Swasey.
Buckfield, Capt. A. Parsons.
Belfast, Benjamin Eells.
Berwick, N. Hobbs, Esq.
Brunswick, J. McLellan, P. M.
Buxton, H. Sampson.
Canton, Hon. C. Holland.
China, Thomas Burrill, Esq.
Camden, Joshua Dillingham.
Castine, N. Wilson.
Dresden, J. B. Bridge.
Dexter, James Jumper, Esq.
Edgington, S. Stockwell.
Eastport, Joshua Hinckley.
Freeport, Joseph Mitchell.
Falmouth, Charles Wait.
Farmington, Col. A. Savage.
Farmington Falls, J. P. Dillingham.
Greene, L. Robbins, Esq. P. M.
Hiram, A. Spring, Esq.
Hallowell, S. Locke, Esq.
Leviston, D. Read, Esq. P. M.
Livermore, Rev. Geo. Bates.
Milton, W. H. Woodbury, Esq. P. M.
Norway, Ichabod Bartlett.
Norridgewock, W. S. Wheeler.
Poland, Jabez True, P. M.
Palermo, S. Buffum.
Portland, Rev. R. Streeter.
Readfield, J. & G. Smith.
Turner, Col. C. Clark.
Union, E. Cobb.
Unity, S. Whitmore, P. M.
Watford, N. Howe, Esq.
Waterville, Rev. S. Cobb.
Winthrop, John A. Pitts.
Wayne, Allen Wing, Esq.
Wiscasset, Capt. B. Neal.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Dover, Samuel B. Stevens.
Exeter, Col. J. Burleigh, P. M.
Portsmouth, John Bennett.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Charlestown, Rev. W. Balfour.
Greenwich, Warren P. Wing, Esq. P. M.
Haverhill, Rev. T. G. Farnsworth.
Marlboro', Ephraim Drury.
Plymouth, W. Brown, Esq. P. M.
Salem, T. Newhall.
Troy, S. Pitman, P. M.

NOTICE!

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, both Agents and Patrons, especially, in this State, that all who are in arrears for the "CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER," will find it to their advantage to adjust their accounts, previous to the 15th of April next. The Printer must have pay, for his hard work, and that, immediately!

R. STREETER,

Portland, Jan. 24, 1827.

ON THE 10th OF FEBRUARY,
THE TENTH CLASS OF
THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD
CANAL LOTTERY
WILL be drawn, and the following handsome prizes distributed a good proportion whereof will be sold at

P. SHELTON'S

LOTTERY-OFFICE GARDINER next door north of the Bank. RECOLLECT next door to the BANK—the very place to get money above all others.—

ONE PRIZE OF

3000 DOLLARS

1 " " 1,100 12 " " 100
4 " " 1,000 18 " " 50
6 " " 200 60 " " 20

and a great number of 10 and 4 dollars. Whole tickets 4 dollars and parts in proportion. Orders enclosing cash or prize tickets will receive as prompt and liberal attention at the above office, as at any other in the State.

One prize of 1000 dollars, one of 50, five of 20, and a large proportion of small prizes, in the last class of the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery were disposed of at the above office.

* Tickets in all legally authorized Lotteries, constantly for sale.
Gardiner, Jan. 19, 1827.

belief in the doctrine of endless misery the best calculated to cause man to love his Maker? Would that I could press this question home to your bosom;—would that it might meet the eye of every believer in that heart-rending doctrine. I ask again—does the idea that God will make eternally miserable a large proportion of his naturally amiable, engaging and lovely creatures, represent him in such a dependent, amiable, and lovely character as is calculated to lift the soul in gratitude, in joy, in love and praise to him? My brother, you know that it is not. You know that love cannot be excited by ideas of cruelty. Men may dread a tyrant, but they cannot love him. They may also obey him; but it is not because they do it cheerfully; they obey him from necessity, not from choice. And you may endeavor to make your hearers religious by preaching to them the doctrine of endless misery; but I can tell you, such a sentiment will never cause them to love their God and their neighbours. They may appear to be religious. They may attend upon the ordinances, go to meeting often, believe all you tell them, hang on long for tales and talk much about their experience; but still it is all compelled—very little of it is voluntary and cheerful. They will own that they would not serve God and be moral men if it were not for the doctrine of endless misery. Take that away, and their religion—rather I should say their hypocrisy,—goes with it. They would be sinful if they dared to, the disposition to be so is in them, and they conceal it from the world only because of a slavish dread. But after all they cannot conceal it from him who looks to the heart, not to the profession. I have often heard your sort of people say that, if they believed as I do, nothing should restrain them from sin, they would indulge in all manner of wickedness and give up religion forever. Little did they think that in saying this, they betrayed the real dispositions of their hearts. Little did they know that they were thus confessing their own hypocrisy, and publishing the unsanctifying character of that doctrine which does not cure the love of sin, but only produces an external appearance that does by no means represent the internal desires.

That doctrine must, in the very nature of things, have the best religious influence, which represents God in the most lovely character; because it is most likely to engage the returning love of the creature. It is natural for us to love what is lovely and to hate what is cruel. Let a man believe, heartily believe, that God is and eternally will be his friend—that all his dispensations originate in his goodness and have in view his true enjoyment, and he will be much more likely to love such a being, than if he believed him to be his enemy. And if he love God, he will also love his brethren of the human race. Thus will he fulfil the law. Thus will he become religious.

Your fears, therefore, as to the irreligious influence of universalism, are unfounded. They originate in a false idea of what it is. You have undoubtedly heard people tell what a dreadful thing it was to believe that all men will be saved! That it opens the door of licentiousness, takes off every restraint from vice, and removes all motives of virtue! But I can tell you now, my brother, that such people are ignorant of the doctrine in which I believe. I pity them. They ought to know better; but until they will allow themselves to examine with more impartiality, it is to be feared they will not. The fact is, this doctrine is, more than all others, calculated to make men love God; because it represents him in the most lovely light. And as love is the very soul of religion, it is plain that it is the most favorable to piety of any thing in the world. It does not promise the sinner salvation in his sins; it assures him of punishment proportioned to his guilt. It does not encourage men to disobey God; it induces them to love and hence to serve him. If this were not its tendency, I assure you most solemnly, that I would neither believe nor advocate it. I am no friend to irreligion or immorality, as you will acknowledge. But I do believe that this doctrine, if lived up to, as it ought to be by us all, must encourage those holy affections which yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. As such I recommend it to you, and to all others who are disposed to preach a doctrine which is calculated to make men love a God of love, and thus to obey him whose laws meditate only their true good, all the penalties of which are added but to enforce them.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

King Alphonso used to say, that his dead counsellors, meaning his books, were far better than the living; for they, without flattery or fear presented him with truth.

When a person jests upon religion, or declares it is indifferent what religion we are of, it is most certain that himself is of no religion at all.

The following quaint epitaph on the grave stone of a child, expresses a great idea in the most simple words: "Lie still, sweet boy, until morning, when all the world shall get up."

We are so formed by our creator as to adore what is great, admire what is excellent and love what is good. And wherein does piety to God consist but in adoring, and admiring, and loving a Being who possesses all these qualities in perfection? Piety then has its foundation in human nature and is not opposed to it.

It would be well, infinitely well, if every man would as faithfully obey the precepts of the Gospel as they clamorously profess to believe its doctrines.

POETRY.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH GOD.

On Horeb's Rock the Prophet stood;
The Lord before him past;
A hurricane, in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shiver'd in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath
Announcing danger, wreck and death.
It ceas'd. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffled up the sun;
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
An earthquake thunder'd on.
The frighten'd eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair;
God was not in the storm.
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.
'Twas still again, and Nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled frame;
And swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devolving came.
Down to his depths old ocean fled,
The sick'ning sun look'd wan and dead;
Yet God fill'd not the flame.
'Twas but the terrors of His eye
That lighten'd through the troubled sky.
At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill that all
In Heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spake as angels speak above,
And God himself was here.
For, oh, it was a Father's voice,
That bade His trembling world rejoice.
N. M. Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "Francis Berrin or the Mexican Patriot," a work lately published in Boston. The author is Rev. T. Flint, author of "Ten Years in the Valley of Mississippi."

REGION OF FEVER AND AGUE AND ALLIGATORS.

Red River discharges its waters into the Mississippi, by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self-direction, or occasionally these logs sinking one end in the water, and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow between the hiss of a serpent, and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, and carelessly sailing along just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs and feathers; a soil above the bank greasy and slippery, with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gullies seventy feet deep and large enough to be outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrifying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds, which can scarcely find their way through the dense forest; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gullies—such was the scenery that met my eye as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance into that region, which had been so embellished by my fancy. I looked around me, and the trees as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funeral drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me that here fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night, and when to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering berth, millions of mosquitoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand sated with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and in that way there is no discharge. A hundred owls perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note, from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

You rise from sleep attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabin of the wood cutters. You see here, inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery. There is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an "ague cake," a yellowish white complexion, finely described in the language of the country, "tallow face." There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh. Eyes preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature. Dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness, from their appearance altogether incredible; for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move. There is something unique and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young. You would suppose that the grave was dug for them. But the more slender and uncertain their hold of life, the more gayly they seem to enjoy it. They laugh, and shout, and drink, and blaspheme, and utter their

tale of obscenity, or it may be, of murder with a bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world. Open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you would almost believe the chilling stories of the Vampyres.

The first evening of my arrival in these waters found us at the point where the Black, Red and Texas rivers mingle their waters in an immense swamp, cheered by the note of no bird of song, unenlivened by the flocks of healthful and edible fowls, as the geese, ducks, and swans, and only vocal with the shrill notes of the jay, the cawing of crows, and the wheeling flight of numberless carrion vultures, that prey on the dead fish that float to the shores. On the verge of the bank above where we lay, and with a little opening in the dead forest, was a family such as I have described. An inhabitant of such a cabin, who lasts two years, may be thought fortunate and long lived. They gave me thrilling anecdotes, if such they may be called, of the tenants of two fresh graves, that I noticed in the little melon garden by the cabin. They were of that class of outlawed and homeless strangers, of which there are thousands up and down the Mississippi.—The owner of the cabin was a wood cutter for the steamboats, and had employed those men to aid him. They had cut wood, drunk whiskey, gambled and gouged; and the women told us, that "they had been very funny men." But I use her words, they took the ague, had the fever and ague cake, and grew sullen, and would not eat, and did not care for their whiskey. We sent for an old French hunter, to bring them some good herbs, but before he came they would not live any longer, and so they died.

The wife and mother in this family, had once, I dare say, been pretty. She had had the ague four years in succession, and now had the swelling, the filthiness, the brilliant eye, the flippant tongue, and ran on from story to story with more than the garrulity of an old French woman. On an emergency, I presume she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. She informed me, that for a month in the preceding spring, they had been overflowed, and she was in the midst of a flooded swamp, thirty miles in diameter. They built a house on a floating raft of logs fastened together, and secured from floating away with grape vines. On this raft was stationed the family, oxen, pigs, dogs, chickens and all. They had a barrel of whiskey to keep up their spirits. Each of these logs was covered with red slime, and as slippery as if greased. And she told us that the logs often brought up the big stomachs of her clumsy children, and it was hard to keep their shirts clean, as they were the only article of dress they wore. She took me for a cotton planter, and said—"Now you planters have but one house, and we woodcutters have two. We have our floating house on the raft, and when the river falls and that grounds, we build us another on the bank. Look you there, only three paces from my door, used to lie of a sunny morning, a couple of thundering alligators, and my Franky there, pointing to a boy, who seemed about four years old, who had the customary prominence in front, and was otherwise as mischievous and as ugly an urchin as you would wish to see, that there boy with half a shirt, would needs be playing some of his 'rusty shins,' the funny dog and so he crawled out and gave one of them a rap on the snout with the broomstick. The monstrous devil curled his tail, and gave Franky a slap, which tossed him in the air like a bat ball; and the beast would have had the eating of Franky in a trice. But I heard Franky scream as the alligator struck him. I seized a kettle of boiling hot water, and threw it on the horrid creature, just as he showed his white teeth to eat Franky, and this drove my gentleman into the water."

The well remembered song of my infancy rung in my ears.
"No more shall the horn call me out in the morn," and a chill, as of death, came over me, when I thought, that this was the reality of that picture, which to my imagination had been so delightful. I felt, too, the truth and application of the right New England proverb, "that one half the world does not know how the other half lives." The comforting predictions of my friends rung in my ears. "In that savage country you will lay your bones." Certainly, thought I, the assignment of your bounds must be the sport of a blind destiny. There are hills and dales, and mountain streams, and healthful breezes, and cheerful scenery, and millions of unoccupied acres of fertile country, where the means of subsistence even are at least, as easy as here. How could voluntary agents, with the power of loco-motion, ever have fixed themselves, from choice, in these dire abodes? And yet, there are always people enough found ready to occupy these positions. The philosophy of a boatman is quick and near the surface. The boatman accounted for their choice of such places by saying that it required every sort of people to make a world.

HOLY ALLIANCE. We have seen a small pamphlet of about one hundred pages, recently published in Utica, N. Y. entitled "A Bunker Hill Contest, A. D. 1826, between the Holy Alliance for the establishment of hierarchy, and ecclesiastical domination of the human mind, on the one side; and the assertors of free inquiry, Bible Religion, Christian freedom and civil liberty, on the other." Its author is Ephraim Perkins, who announces himself in his preface to be a plain farmer of

Trenton, N. Y. The object of the publication is to express the extraordinary proceedings of some of the leaders in the great "revival," as it is technically called which has lately been got up in Oneida county, and of which our readers have heard something. Mr. Perkins appears to be a sensible, judicious man; a firm and intelligent advocate of liberty of opinion, and pledges himself for the truth of the statements contained in his pamphlet.

We had before heard much, by report, respecting this celebrated "revival," and were disposed to make considerable allowance for the exaggeration which usually accompanies the report of transactions of this nature. But we confess that in this case the half had not been told us. It has never been our lot to hear in modern times of such an other instance of the power of ignorance and fanaticism over human weakness and credulity.

The principal leader in this "revival" is Charles Finney, who five or six years ago became a professed convert from infidelity to the belief of Christianity, and in consequence abandoned the study of the law in which he was engaged, and commenced preaching, after having studied something which he perhaps calls divinity, about two years, but which is probably more correctly designated in 1 Peter, iv. 1. if his subsequent conduct has been the proper result of his studies.

For about three years he has been employed by the Domestic Missionary Society, in getting up revivals in various quarters. It is said that he has been remarkably successful in this business. The process he employs is thus described in the pamphlet. "The thunders of Sinai, the flaming curses of the law, the horrors of the pit, and all the epithets of lamentation and despair, are put in requisition by the most consummate skill to produce consternation and dismay in the minds of those who attend his meetings." It is not our design to describe in detail the machinery of a "revival" as it exists in New-York. The spirit with which it is got up and conducted will be best illustrated by the exhibition of a few facts which are stated in the Pamphlet of Mr. Perkins.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the question is put, "who wishes to be prayed for to-night, or who is willing to give up his soul to God?" Those who wish to be prayed for must kneel, and are informed that if they rise without giving up their hearts to God, their doom will be sealed forever.

Finney has sometimes appointed a period within which a particular person must be converted, or be struck dead.

An attempt was made to get up a revival in Trenton, where there is a Unitarian Society. In this attempt, says Mr. Perkins, "they outraged every principle of common decency—violated all the rules of propriety and decorum—marred the tranquillity of the social circle—profaned the sanctuary of filial, paternal, and conjugal affection—broke up the very foundations of social and Christian order, and hurled the society of Trenton into a state of confusion and agitation, that for a time seemed to threaten its inevitable ruin." As examples it is said that the Rev. Mr. Norton in one of his sermons said, "You unitarians in that gallery, do you hear me? you need not think you are going to heaven." "You are no more entitled to the name of Christians than the devils in hell." The same Mr. Norton said at another time in the pulpit to some young persons who had attended a ball on the fourth of July, "You lie like blocking under God's chariot wheels."

Without going through the disgusting detail of blasphemy and impiety, we shall only quote the celebrated prayer for Col. Mappa. Col. M. is an aged man, seventy years old, has long been a professed Christian, and a member of the Church, "of whom and his house, the virtuous poor, the widow and the fatherless cannot speak without tears of gratitude; and whose moral example or precept has contributed more than that of any other man to preserve the town and village in which he resides, from those excesses of tavern haunting, profanity, and licentiousness, which disgrace many towns and villages."

This venerable Christian—one of those contemptible fanatics, the disgrace and reproach not only of christianity but of humanity, by name Nathaniel S. Smith, called by name in a public prayer, and invoked God to "smite that wicked man, that hardened sinner, who never prays, that stubborn rebel, that self-righteous pharisee, who stands on an eminence and has embraced a lie, and is leading multitudes, who entrench themselves behind him, down to hell. O God, send trouble, anguish, and affliction into his bedchamber this night, shake his house over him and cause him to tremble; God Almighty, shake him over hell."

Such is the blasphemy which is perpetrated under the name of religion. Such the diabolical means employed to bring about what is called, as if in impious mockery, a "revival of religion."

It is but an act of justice to say that the enormities here described are not sanctioned nor approved by the most enlightened orthodox of New-England. They deplore these hideous excesses, and regard them, as all rational observers must regard them, as a moral pestilence, withering and destroying every impulse of benevolence, every emotion of piety, and making religion itself appear loathsome and infectious. Franklin Post.

There is nothing more ridiculous than for a man, or company of men, to assume the title of Orthodoxy to their own set of opinions, as if infallibility were annexed to

their systems, and those were to be the standing measures of truth to all the world; from whence they erect to themselves a power to censure and condemn others for differing at all from tenets they have pitched upon. The consideration of human frailty ought to check this vanity; but, since it does not, but that with a sort of allowance it shows itself almost in all religious societies, the playing of the trick round sufficiently turns it into ridicule; for each society having an equal right to a good opinion of themselves, a man, by passing but a river or a hill, loses that orthodoxy in one company, which puffed him up with such assurance and insolence in another, and is there, with equal justice, himself exposed to the like censures of error and heresy, which he was so forward to lay on others at home. When it shall appear that infallibility is entailed upon any one set of men of any denomination, or that truth is confined to any one spot of ground, the name and use of orthodoxy, as it is now in fashion everywhere, will in that one place be reasonable. Till then, this ridiculous cant will be a foundation too weak to sustain that usurpation that is raised upon it. Locke.

BOOKS, STATIONARY, AND PAPER HANGINGS.

CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY

P. SHELTON,

AT THE GARDINER BOOKSTORE,

A COMPLETE assortment of SCHOOL and CLASSICAL BOOKS, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices. Also, writing, letter, and wrapping PAPER, at the manufacturers' prices; and a complete assortment of ROOM PAPERS, from 20 cents, to 150 cents per roll. A great variety of Rodgers', and other fine Cutlery. Quills, by the M very cheap. SLATES per dozen, do. Combs, Mathematical Instruments, Scales, &c. &c. comprising as complete an assortment of articles as can be found in any similar establishment, and at the lowest prices. Gardiner, January 5.

TAILORING BUSINESS.

JAMES ELWELL

IMPROVES this opportunity to offer his thanks to those who have favoured him with their custom; and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a continuance of the same. He would inform them that he has in his employ an experienced workman as a journeyman.

N. B. Garments cut and made in the latest fashions, if approved.

WANTED.

As above, an experienced workman of good habits, who will find steady employment and liberal wages.

Gardiner, January 12.

DR. MANLY HARDY'S GENUINE

JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THESE BITTERS are extremely well adapted to remove the Bilious and Jaundice complaints, to which most constitutions are subject in the Venereal Season. They are a moderate cathartic; they cleanse the stomach and bowels of phlegm and Viciated Bile; strongly invigorate the coats of the Stomach; promote digestion; and restore the loss of Appetite. The Inventor does not pretend to say, (as many have done) they will cure all diseases; but he is confident, from many years' experience, they may be taken to advantage in the above complaints. As such a remedy, he submits them to the trial of an impartial public. For sale wholesale or retail by

BOWMAN & PERKINS.

Price 25 cents a paper. A liberal discount to those who purchase to sell again.

Gardiner, Jan. 19 1827.

BALFOUR'S & BROWN'S WORKS.

FOR SALE AT THE

GARDINER BOOKSTORE,

BALFOUR'S INQUIRY into the scriptural meaning of the words translated

hell, in the common version of the old and new Testaments.

BALFOUR'S INQUIRY into the scriptural meaning of the words everlasting, eternal, &c.

SABINE'S REVIEW of Balfour's first Inquiry.

BALFOUR'S REPLY to Sabine.

BROWN'S History of Universalism.

BROWN'S History of the destruction of Jerusalem, and of the Jews since that event.

BALLOU'S Notes on the Parables, and Treatise on atonement.

ALSO

UNIVERSALIST HYMN BOOKS, large and small editions, at the publishers' prices.

Gardiner, January 12.

NEW LINE.

LATELY received by the subscriber, who intends keeping the article for sale during the season, a quantity of NEW LINE.

ALSO, SEA SAND.

M. BURNS.

Gardiner, January 5.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, Gardiner, Me. Dec. 31 1826.

Mr. ATHERTON	James Littlefield
Asa Ames	John McDonald
Darius Andrews	Robert Moody
Gardner Bartholomew	Mrs. Sarah Moore
Charles Boyles	Samuel Noble
Aaron Bran	Elijah Pope
David Brown	Andrew M. Putnam
James Bunker, Bowdoin	Elas Pinkham
Am	George Robinson
Charles Bourne	Timothy Robinson
Patience Ballard, Hallowell	Jonas Stevens
Moses Bran, 2	Ralph Sturgeon
David Carr	John Snow
James Conner Jr.	Jesse W. Smith
Paul Dyer	Cyrus Smeckear
Dea. Fields	Wm. Spear
Noah Farr	Franklin Stone
Charles Fogg	J. S. Sargent
William Grover	Charles A. Siders
David Hinkley	James Steward
Aaron Haskell	Ezra Tyler, 2
David Jourdan	Stephen Wood
	Henry L. Wiggin
	SETH GAY, P. M.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, Pittston, Me. DECEMBER 31, 1826.

William Barnes	Tristram Moores
Coburn & Blanchard	John Sawyer
Cordelia Clark	Daniel Sewall
Paul Ham	Lewis Webb
John Miller	

HENRY DEARBORN, P. M.

FARMER'S ALMANACK,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1827,

Constantly for sale, by the hundred, dozen, or single, at the GARDINER BOOKSTORE.

January 5, 1827.

TAILORING WORK DONE IN GOOD STYLE

AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED FASHION AT SHORT NOTICE.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Gardiner and vicinity, that he has lately agreed with two good workmen to carry on the Tailoring business, and pledges himself to those who may favour him with their work, that it will be done in a good, faithful, and fashionable manner as it can be done at any other similar establishment on the Kennebec River. He also intends keeping clothing of every description on hand ready made, which he will sell on the most favourable terms.

M. BURNS.

Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1827.

LIFE OF MURRAY.

BOWEN & CUSHING have in contemplation to publish a second edition of the life of Rev. John Murray, the first preacher of Universalism in America. This work is out of print, and at the solicitation of many of their friends, and from the inquiries that have been made for it, they are induced to undertake the publication, if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant success. The work is so well known, that it will need no further recommendation.

They purpose to print in neat duodecimo size, on good paper, to contain about 350 pages, for one dollar and twenty-five cents, bound, or one dollar in boards.

Subscriptions received at the Intelligencer Office.

Gardiner, January 5.

THE PROTECTION

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, Connecticut, offers to insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and the contents of each, together with every other similar species of property.

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

The rates of premium offered, are as low as those of any other similar institution, and every man has now an opportunity, for a trifling sum, to protect himself against the ravages of this destructive element, which often in a single hour sweeps away the earnings of many years.

The course the office pursue in transacting their business, and in the adjusting and payment of losses is prompt and liberal. For the terms of insurance application may be made to the Agent, who is authorized to issue policies to applicants without delay.

GEO. EVANS, Agent.

N. B. During the absence of the Agent, his office will be open for business as usual.

Gardiner, January 5, 1827.

FOR SALE,

AT THE

GARDINER BOOK-STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

A NEW ABRIDGMENT OF

MURRAY'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

WITH AN IMPROVED SYNTAX.

BY M. SPRINGER, JR.

THE Compiler of this abridgment claims, for his production no peculiar excellence above other abridgments, which have already been published. As, however, several gentlemen of eminent literary acquirements have expressed an opinion that the Abridged Syntax of Murray's Grammar, as it has been usually published, is deficient in that variety and extent, which is necessary for learners in common schools, an attempt has been made in this edition to remedy the defect. How far the object has been accomplished, will be determined by an enlightened Public.

Gardiner, January 1.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC SS. TAKEN on execution, and will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Saturday the 17th day of February next at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at McLELLAN'S Tavern, in Gardiner.

ALL the right in equity of redeeming, which Benjamin Meader has in and to a certain lot of land situated in Gardiner aforesaid, or so called of the Brunswick road, (so called) and bounded as follows, namely: South by the North line of the town of Richmond, West by the Cohasset-Contee stream, North by land formerly occupied by Levi Knox, and Easterly by land formerly owned by Mr. Spear, and being the same on which said Meader now lives, containing about 60 acres, together with the buildings thereon standing.

JESSE JEWETT, Dep. Sheriff.

Gardiner, Jan. 19.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC SS. TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Saturday the tenth day of February next, at one o'clock, afternoon, at McLELLAN'S tavern in Gardiner.

ALL the right in Equity of redeeming, which Alexander G. Cox has in, and to a certain lot of land situated in Gardiner aforesaid, or so called of Hallowell, on the West side of the road leading from Hallowell village to Gardiner and bounded as follows, viz. South by E. Marshalls, west and north by the Widow Springer's land containing about one fourth of an acre, together with the buildings thereon.

JESSE JEWETT, Dep. Sheriff.

Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1827.

Chemical Embrocation, or

WHITWELL'S

ORIGINAL OPODELDOC.

Treble the strength of the hard kind.

(BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.)

THIS article is now, beyond all dispute, considered by every Physician of extensive practice in the U. States, as the best known external remedy in all cases of Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Cramp, Numbness, Stiffness of the Neck or Limbs, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Stings of Insects, Vegetable Poisons, &c.

The use of this celebrated remedy is not confined to the American States. Orders for it are constantly received from South America, the West Indies, Nova-Scotia, Lower Canada, and in some instance orders were received from England and Russia. In a late letter to the Proprietor, from St. Salvador, the writer observes, "Your opodeldoc begins to be well known and fully appreciated." &c.

Certificates have been received, sufficient to fill a column of a paper. A few only, of the first respectability are attached to the directions—among which is one from a Physician of the highest grade in Europe or America.

(Pause before you purchase.)

No one circumstance can more fully prove the value and great demand for this Medicine, than the numerous severe and contemptible imitations in existence. Some have so closely imitated the stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as the difficulty of detection, except only by the omission of the name. Therefore, as you value Life or Limb, be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S Opodeldoc only, or you may be most wretchedly imposed upon.

At the same place may be had, the AROMATIC SNUFF, celebrated throughout the American Continent, in cases of Catarrh and Headache, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, Vapors, Dizziness of Eye-sight, and all disorders of the head.

From its most fragrant and grateful quality, it completely counteracts the effects of a bad atmosphere, and being greatly antiputrescent, is indispensable for all who watch with or visit the sick.

Also,--DETERGENT BITTERS, a most excellent article for Jaundice, want of appetite, &c. &c.

Also,--JARVIS' BILIOUS PILLS, a cheap and fit Family Medicine.

Constantly for sale by

BOWMAN & PERKINS.

Gardiner, January 5, 1827.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,

EXECUTED in the neatest manner, and with despatch, at the Intelligencer Office.